SCANDAL PROOF,

OR

An Heroick Poem

On the Renowned Champions of the

Good Old CAUSE.

Impudent *Dick Janeway*, and the reſt of the Factious T[illegible]

23. July. 1681.

COme on ye Scribling *Rebels* of the Age,
Come on I ſay, advance upon the Stage;
Arm'd with *Phanatick* Malice Zeal and Rage.
Diſplay your Merits to the Publick View,
Tell 'em 'tis You'r their Champion, none but You
Dare Counter-Plot the *Popiſh* Plotting Crew,
Faith 'twas great pity there was not a Tryal
Between that pack of *Prieſts*, who did deny all,
And You *Phanatick* Scriblers who Belly-all:
I mean that Zealous Sanctified Gang,
Comus, and *Hal*- Old *Elephant*, and *Lang*-
Is (who precious Saints) no doubt in time may Hang.
And make as Fine a Show, as *Whitebread* did
With th' other Precious four, whoſe Souls are fled
Into an other World; yet 'twas unkind
To leave ſuch Holy Brethren thus behind,
Without Directions, where their Friends to find.
Alas poor Harmleſs Devils, what a Pother
They make to Troop ſo haſty after th'other:
Who dy'd great Rogues, yet ne'r deny'd their Trade,
As you do, who their Miſtery Invade,
Proving your ſelves *Jeſuits* in Maſquerade.
I Laugh to ſee how you'd the World deceive,
If they would all your Lying Tricks believe;
As how you'r th' only Men, that ſtand i'th' Gap,
There to repel th' approaching Thunder-Clap
Of *Popery*, which Threatens all the Nation,
With no leſs than a Total Inundation;
Unleſs prevented by your Reformation.
This is a precipus hopeful Age, no doubt,
When ſuch an Impious, Daring Rebel Rout;
Such Wretched Tools as You ſhall undertake
A Reformation in the *Church* and *State*.
Yet 'tis but what we muſt expect from You,
Who in plain Terms, (to give the Devil his due)
Pretend to Love the King, but hate him too.
Among the reſt of this *Phanatick* Knot
Of Factious *Whigs*, Faith I had quite forgot;
To mention that Egregious Raſcal *Dick*,
That Wondrous Lying Son of Damn'd *Old Nick*:

Im-

Impartial Rakehell whose Romantick Skill
Excells the other Lying Knights o'th' Quill:
So like a *Janus*, does *Dick Janeway* look,
We see his Double Face in every Book;
In which wee'r Weekly Plagu'd with's Impudence,
Offensive to all Loyal men of Sense,
Who hate both *Dick*, and's Damn'd Impertinence.
Well then, go on thou Cursed Rogue in Grain,
Proceed to Write in thy own Lying Strain.
'Tis Meritorious; thou deserv'st Applause,
By Propping up the Sinking Damn'd *Old Cause*,
Which not prevented, Ruines the King and Laws:
Go tell the th' awaken'd World, (but 'tis in vain)
You Love (alas you Lye) Great *Charles* his Raign:
How canst thou Love the King, or can your Brood
Of *Whigs*, when *Treason* Taints your Soul and Blood,
Ye Damn'd Antipodes to all that's good.
But Thou amongst the rest art such a Fool,
Poor Silly Rogue! They use thee for a Fool:
A certain necessary Implement,
To Print and own the Lyes that they Invent;
A Foppish Brazen Fool, that's led Astray
By every Cunning *Whig* that shews the way:
With what Officious *Care* thou Plagu'st thy Brains,
To get the Name of Villain for thy pains;
Like that Inglorious Rogue that set on Flame
Diana's Temple; which to the Villains shame
He only did, to gain a Cursed Fame:
Such is thy Cursed *Care*, thou damned Fop,
Whose Pate more fit for Scullens Broom, or Mop;
Merits the Glorious Name of Busie Sot,
And (Calves-Head-like) deserves to go to Pot.
Thou Dull Insipid *Coxcomb*, worse then Beast,
What Guts and Carbidge hath thy Brains possest;
To make thy Scribling Whelpship so Uncivil,
So unlike man, and so much like the Devil:
Sure thou'rt the Spawn of some Ill Natur'd *Gipsy*,
Got in a Barn, perhaps where each was Tipsy;
Hatcht up with th' noise of Tory, Rory, Randy,
The pure effects of Ale, and Beer, and Brandy;
And ever since thou'st been the Devils Imp,
Dissenters Bully, and *Phanaticks* Pimp:
A perfect Staulking Horse unto all those,
That Hate the King, and Love the Kingdoms Foes:
A Drudging Journy-man, a Slave to th' *Pope*,
Next Heir in Law to the *Heer Van Ketch* his Rope;
One whom the Devil, for his Excellent Work
Is more beholding to, then *Pope* or *Turk*.
Mayst thou at length receive thy Merits Due,
As Ample as the *Popish* Plotting Crew;
So *Janeway*, fare thee well, until I see
Thy Roguesship made *St. Dick* at *Tyburn Tree*.

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July 23